

DELL
COMIC

A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE

10¢

MAY

the Lone Ranger







LATER, AT FORT DAVIS...

LOOKING OUR INDIAN SCOUT REPORTED SEEING SOME OF BIG EAGLE'S BRIDES BY FORD RIVER, CAPTAIN LAKE! GOOD HUNTING!

THANKS, COLONEL WEEZ! THE APACHES MUST BE STOPPED--- WE'LL TRY TO DO IT!



BUT TWO MILES FROM THE RIVER, SUDDENLY...

BANG! BLAM!

AMBUSH!

BANG!

DISMOUNT AND FIRE!



WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE...

LIEUTENANT VIL, THE WAY CAPTAIN LAKE'S MEN WERE KILLED, IT'S AS THOUGH BIG EAGLE KNEW WHERE TO AMBUSH THEM! I'VE SENT A GROUP OUT CARRYING THE WHITE TRUCK FLAG ON A PEACE MISSION! HURRY...

...COLONEL... THE PEACE MISSION HAS BEEN AMBUSHED!



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address including if possible your old address label.

QUICKLY THE LONE SURVIVOR REPORTS...

TWO DAYS LATER...

YES, TONTO, AND WE MUST
HELP PUT DOWN HIS
EAGLE BEFORE HIS MEN-
BRADDS STRIKE AGAIN!

IT WAS
ALMOST
AS IF
THEY KNOW
WHERE TO
PICK US
OFF!

THE APACHES SEEM TO KNOW EVERY
MOVE WE MAKE, BUT I CAN'T
BELIEVE THERE'S A TRAITOR IN
THE FORT! WITH ONLY FIFTY MEN,
I CAN'T ATTACK HIS EAGLE AND
HIS TWO HUNDRED BRAVES! WE'LL
SEND ANOTHER PEACE MISSION!

APACHES MAKE
PLENTY TROUBLE
HERE, KENO
SABAY!



KENO
SABAY---

---I SEE THEM, TONTO! THOSE
BRAVES SEEM TO BE WAITING
IN A MOUNTAIN! WE'LL RIDE EAST
AND SEE IF ANYONE IS COMING
ALONG THE TRAIL!



TROOPERS! THEY'RE CARRYING
A WHITE FLAG, BUT I DOUBT THAT
THOSE APACHES WILL RESPECT
IT! THREE SHOTS SHOULD WARN
THE SOLDIERS BEFORE THEY'RE
IN RANGE OF THE APACHE
CLING!



TROOPERS STOP!
BUT APACHES
SEE US!

AND THEY'LL WANT REVENGE
BECAUSE WE SPOILED THEIR
AMBUSH! --- COME ON,
SILVER!





IT PLUNTS BIG VILLAGES!—LOOK THERE BY FIRE AT BRVE'S ON HORSE! HIM DRESSED LIKE ARMY SCOUT?

I'LL LOOK THROUGH MY BINOCULARS AND FIND OUT!



HE IS AN ARMY SCOUT, TONTO! AND HE WAS TALKING TO CHIEF BIG EAGLE! I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING THERE! WE'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHERE HE GOES!



HIM STILL ON TRAIL FOR FORT DAVIS!

HE'S COMING TO A CROSS TRAIL, TONTO—I BELIEVE HE'S GOING TO TURN DOWN IT!



HIM TAKE TRAIL! THERE SHALL SADDEN OFF MAIN TRAIL, THERE! BUT WHY HIM GO THERE?

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! BUT, RIDE SLOWLY AND QUIETLY SO HE DOESN'T SEE US!



CALICOUSE, THE LONE RANGER AND TONYO
TURN DOWN THE BRANCH TRAIL...





COME ON, SILVER!

GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



LATER...

WE LOSE-UM!

TOMTO, THOSE RIFLES THEY WERE UNLOADING LOOKED LIKE ARMY WINCHESTERS! AT DAWN WE'LL RIDE TO THE FORT AND TALK TO COLONEL HAZEN! I'VE MET HIM!

THE NEXT MORNING, AT DAWN...



COLONEL, YOU TOLD ME TO WAKE YOU WHEN LOGNO RETURNED—

SAY HIM GLAD YOU SEE-UM! BUT HE NOT COME ABOUT THAT! HE COME TO TELL OF OUTLAW'S WHO TRY TO SELL RIFLES TO ARMOES!

---CHIEF BIG SABLE



I'VE SUSPECTED THERE WERE GUNRUNNERS HELPING BIG SABLE TO ARM!

NO, BIG SABLE NOT BUY-UM! MASKED OUTLAW ON WHITE HORSE AND INDIAN ON PAINT COME TO VILLAGE WITH THIS PAINT MALE! BIG SABLE TRY TO CAPTURE-UM, BUT THEN ESCAPE WITH SOME RIFLES! BIG SABLE SEND WHAT LEFT AS PROOF HIM WANT PEACE!

LIEUTENANT WIL, THOSE ARE ARMY RIFLES! THE OUTLAWS MUST HAVE ATTACKED OUR SUPPLY TRAIN! YOU HEARD LOGNO'S DESCRIPTION OF THE GUNRUNNERS! TAKE A DETACHMENT AND FIND THEM!



SOON...

KEWO EASIN THESE TROOPERS!

THEY'RE FIRING AT US! QUICK, TOMTO! TURN BACK INTO THE WOODS!







QUICKLY THE TWO CAPTIVES TELL THE LONE RANGER HOW LOOKO'S STORY OF THE MASKED GUNSLINGER SENT THE TROOPS OFF IN SEARCH OF HIM...



RIDE TO THE POST AND ASK COLONEL HAZEN TO FOLLOW YOU BACK HERE! WHEN HE SEES THIS SILVER BULLET I'M CERTAIN HE'LL COME! THE OTHER SOLDIER WILL REMAIN HERE UNTIL YOU RETURN!



LOOKO SAW NO GUN-RUNNER, COLONEL HAZEN! HE LIES!

AS THE LONE RANGER ARRIVES RELATING WHAT HE AND TONTO SAW WHEN THEY FOLLOWED LOOKO...



SO NOW THE APACHES HAVE NEW RIFLES AND I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET BIG EAGLE IN HIS CAMP AT DAWN AND TALK PEACE!

IT COULD VERY EASILY BE A TRAP!



DOES LOOKO KNOW ABOUT THE REINFORCEMENTS?



NO, AND WE'LL HAVE LEFT FOR BIG EAGLE'S CAMP TO PREPARE THINGS FOR US BEFORE THEY ARRIVE!

GOOD! I SUGGEST YOU AND YOUR STAFF ATTEND THE POWWOW, COLONEL! I HAVE A PLAN THAT SHOULD POSSIBLY STALL ANY TREASONARY ON THE PART OF BIG EAGLE!

TWO MEN.

WE GO TO FRIENDLY APACHE VILLAGE TO THE SOUTH LIKE YOU SAY, KENO SAGAN! WE'RE APACHE CLOTHES FOR BOTH OF US!

FINE, TONTO! WE'LL PUT THEM ON AT ONCE AND THEN RIDE TO BIG SAGAN'S CAMP!

LATER.

THERE CAMP!

LEAVE THE HORSES HERE, TONTO, AND APPROACH ON FOOT! WE'LL TRY TO WORK OUR WAY INTO THE CAMP, BUT AVOID CONTACT WITH ANY OF THE BRIDES THERE!

THEN HAVE PLenty RIFLES!

YES, TONTO, THE PEACE POWWOW WAS JUST A PRETEXT TO LURE COLONEL HAZEN AND HIS OFFICERS INTO A TRAP! SAVING THEM IS OUR JOB!

BIG SAGAN WELCOME THE WHITE CHIEF AND HIS MEN! IF WHITE FRIENDS COME IN PEACE--LEAVE GUNS ON HORSES!

COLONEL, IF WE DO THAT---

---REMOVE YOUR GUN-BELTS, GENTLEMEN!

WE'RE UNARMED, CHIEF, BIG SAGAN!

LEAVE HORSES THERE! COME JOIN POWWOW! NOW WE TALK PEACE!

I HELP BIG EAGLE TALK TO COLONEL, BUT LOONG
SURE COLONEL UNDERSTAND APACHED PLENTY
FAST!



COLONEL—
RIFLES!

YOU NOW
PRISONERS!



NOW, TONTI! TAKE LOONG!
I'LL COVER BIG EAGLE!

UGH!



GET HANDS UP
QUICK!



I HOLD A GUN AT BIG EAGLE'S
BACK/ IF ANYONE MOVES, BIG
EAGLE DIES!

YOU NOT
ESCAPE!





YES EAGLE, TELL YOUR BRAVES
TO DROP THEIR RIFLES! FELL
THEM!

OOH TAH MAY!
OOH TAH MAY!



NOW, COLONEL, YOU AND
YOUR MEN GET YOUR
WEAPONS!

GLADLY!



YOU NOT GET AWAY!
ALL BRAVES IN
VILLAGE HAVE GUNS
READY!

THEY'LL NOT USE
THEM IF THEY WANT
SIS EAGLE TO LIVE!

BUT SUDDENLY...



BANG!

COLONEL, GIVE YOUR TROOPS
THE SIGNAL TO MOVE IN BEFORE
THE REST OF THE BRAVES
RUSH UP!



THE COLONEL'S TAKEN OFF HIS HAT!---OPEN FIRE!
MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT ON THE COLONEL AND HIS
STUFF!LL NEVER GET OUT OF THERE ALIVE!

AND AS THE SHOTS FROM THE TROOPS ABOVE SCATTER THE BRAVES...



HEAD FOR THOSE LOSES, COLONEL! WE'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF!

5 SECONDS LATER...

WE STILL HAVE BIG BAGS----

--YES, BUT UNLESS MY TROOPS COME SOON, HIS APACHES WILL HAVE US!



LOONOS IS CALLED A BAND OF THEM TO TRY TO RESCUE HIS BAGS! KEEP FIRING!



THEY'RE STILL COMING!

WE CAN'T HOLD THEM BACK ANY LONGER!



the Lone Ranger

Change of Plans

AS THE SAN ANTONIO STAGE
NEARS HOUSTON,
CLERKLY.

KEEN
AND!

OH, HOOTS!

BETTER STOP THEM!
GOT THE JUMP ON
ME AND THERE
ARE TOO
MANY OF THEM!

TROW DOWN YOUR
STRONGBOX AND
THEN UNFASTEN
YOUR GUNBELT!

YOU STRUCK GOLD THIS
TIME, GENTS, BUT YOU'LL
BE COLLECTIN' **LEAD**
BEFORE YOUR OUTLAW
DAYS ARE OVER!

LATER, IN HOUSTON...

SHERIFF, AS A LEADER
CITIZEN OF HOUSTON, I SAY
YOU MUST DO SOMETHIN'
DRASTIC TO STOP THOSE
GUNMEN! IT'S THEIR TENTH
ROBBERY IN TWO MONTHS!

EVERY I JUST CAN'T
SEEM TO RUN THEM
DOWN DESPITE ALL
I'VE DONE! THEY
ALWAYS SEEM TO
KNOW THE RIGHT
TIME AND PLACE
TO STRIKE!

SHERIFF, WHY NOT LAY A TRAP
FOR THE GANG?—PASS OUT
THE WORD THAT A GOLD SHIP-
MENT IS BEIN' SENT OUT ON
THE TRAIN TO GALVESTON,
SAY TOMORROW! YOU AND
YOUR MEN RIDE THAT TRAIN
AS PASSENGERS! IF THE
GANG HEARS THE RUMOR
AND TRIES TO ROB IT, YOU'LL
HAVE A CHANCE TO
GET THEM!

EVERY, YOU MIGHT
HAVE SOMETHIN'
THERE—SPREAD
THE WORD OF THE
SHIPMENT! MEAN-
WHILE, I'LL
ALERT MY MEN!

SOON, IN AVERY'S HOTEL OFFICE...

AH, WE ROB THE
STAGE AND IT HAVE THE
WOMEN JUST LIKE YOU
SAY! IS THAT WHY THE
BIG SMILE?

NO, CARLOS, THAT
JOB WAS PEANUTS
COMPARED TO THE
NEW ONE I HAVE
LINED UP FOR YOU AND
THE BOYS! AND THE
SHERIFF IS GOIN' TO
HELP US!

THE
SHERIFF
HELP?

—YEAH! HE AND HIS MEN'LL BE ON
THE TRAIN TO SALVESTON TOMORROW!
WHILE I WAS AT THE BANK EARLIER, I
LEARNED THEY'VE EXPECTIN' A VERY
LARGE CASH SHIPMENT ON TOMORROW'S
TRAIN FROM SALVESTON! YOU'LL
HOLD IT UP AT THE RAILROAD CUT
FIVE MILES FROM TOWN, WHILE THE
LAW IS FAR AWAY!



MEANWHILE, NEAR HOUSTON...

TOMTO, FROM THE WAY THE
GANG IS SAID TO OPERATE
AROUND HERE, I BELIEVE
SOMEONE WHO KNOWS
WHAT GOES ON IN TOWN
MUST BE AIDING THEM!

LEAD! GANG ALWAYS
KNOW WHEN
STAGE OR TRAIN
CARRY PLUNTY
MONEY!



TOMTO, HERE'S A NOTE OF
INTRODUCTION FROM THE
UNITED STATES MARSHAL IN
AUSTIN TO THE HOUSTON
SHERIFF. AFTER HE READS IT,
ASK HIM TO RETURN HERE
WITH YOU! MEANWHILE,
I'LL SET UP CAMP!

HE
BOMB-UP
BACK!



HONKY, MISTER! I WAS MIGHTY
Pleased TO LEARN YOU AN'
TOMTO COME TO HELP ME! I'VE
SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR
THOSE OUTLAWS, BUT NOT A
SIGN OF 'EM! BUT TOMORROW,
I HAVE A PLAN THAT MIGHT BRING
THOSE VANDALTS OUT IN THE
OPEN!

WOULD YOU
MIND TELLING
ME YOUR PLAN,
SHERIFF?



BRIEFLY, THE SHERIFF TELLS THE PLAN WHICH
EVERYONE SUGGESTED...

SHERIFF! UNDER-
STAND SOMEONE TALKS
OFF THE GANG! WOULD
ANYONE HAVE ACCESS
TO ANY SHIPPING
INFORMATION?

EVERYONE—WELL, HE
IS A CLOSE FRIEND OF THE
BANKER AND A BIG DEPOSI-
TOR! WHY, IT'S EVEN POS-
SIBLE THE BANKER
MENTIONED TO EVERYONE
THAT TOMORROW'S TRAIN FROM
SALVESTON WILL BE
CARRYIN' A LOT OF
CASH!



IF THE OUTLAWS DECIDED TO HOLD UP THAT
TRAIN, SHERIFF, YOU AND YOUR MEN WOULD
BE FAR AWAY ON A TRAIN GOING IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION! I'D LIKE TO SUGGEST
A CHANGE OF PLANS!

YOU MEAN YOU
SUSPECT ANYONE?



I'M NOT ACCUSING ANYONE DIRECTLY, SHERIFF, BUT THERE'S AN EASY WAY TO FIND OUT / THE TRAIN JERRY SUGGESTED YOU TAKE WILL PASS THE ONE FROM SALVESTON AT A SIDING TWENTY MILES SOUTH OF HERE / START FOR SALVESTON, BUT THEN YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL CATCH **TRAINS!**

AM YOU THINK THAT ONE'LL BE HELD UP?



IT'S POSSIBLE, AND IF IT IS, YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL BE RIGHT THERE TO CAPTURE THE BANGS / BUT SAY NOTHING ABOUT THE SWITCH IN PLANS UNTIL AFTER YOUR TRAIN HAS LEFT HOUSTON!

SURE, MAYBE THE TWO WE WILL BE ABLE TO ROUND UP THOSE POLECATS /



MEANWHILE...

WELL, AMIGO, HAS THE SHERIFF GONE OUT TO SEARCH FOR THE OUTLAWS HIMSELF?

NO, CARLOS / HE LEFT TOWN WITH AN INDIAN / NEVER SAW THE INDIAN BEFORE / TALL, HANDSOME / FOLDED IN SLACKS AND WORE A PAINT / HE HAD A NOTE FROM THE SHERIFF!



IF THE INDIAN THE DEPUTY DESCRIBED IS THE ONE I THINK HE IS, I'D BETTER WARN JERRY!



SOON...

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, CARLOS?

THE SHERIFF RODE AWAY WITH AN INDIAN / FROM HIS DESCRIPTION, HE SOUNDED LIKE THE INDIAN WHO WAS WITH A MARKED HOMBRE WHEN THEY CATCH THE REST OF MY BANGS NEAR LAREDO!



YOU THINK THEY'RE STILL ON YOUR TRAIL?

I FIND OUT **ANY** POINTS / THE SHERIFF RETURNS / I WILL BACK-TRACK ON HIS TRAIL / IF I FIND THOSE TWO, MY GUNS HAVE SURE THEY FOLLOW CARLOS **AND MORE!**



1998-1999

IF THE LIGHT LASTS A
LITTLE WHILE LONGER,
I SHOULD COME TO
THE END OF THIS TRAIL.



THESE THEY ARE! I WILL
RIDE BACK AND BRING THE
BOYS!--- HAVE A GOOD
WELL, AWOOG! IT WILL
BE YOUR LAST!



WEIGH IN!

SALE
WINTER

THERE'S A ROAD
MOST CALL
LIVE FROM THE
TEAL TONTO!



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WE'RE HEADING TOWARD HOUSTON!
WE'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHAT
WE CAN LEARN! SMOOLE UP!



5000
 10000
 15000
 20000
 25000
 30000
 35000
 40000
 45000
 50000
 55000
 60000
 65000
 70000
 75000
 80000
 85000
 90000
 95000
 100000

LET'S GO TO THE BACK
AND SEE IF THERE'S A
WINDOW IN THAT
OFFICE.



1000

NO MATTER! THAT'S HIS SHADOW AND HE'S REPORTING TO SOMEONE! IN ALL PROBABILITY, THE MAN IN THE OFFICE IS THE HOTEL'S OWNER---JERRY!





THE NEXT MORNING...

MORRIS, ALREADY MY MEN
ARE ON BOARD AND I'M
JUST ABOUT TO JOIN
THEM! HOPE OUR TRIP
TO GALVESTON IS A
SUCCESS!

SO DO I!... OH, BY THE
WAY, WHO WAS THAT
HORN I SAW YOU RIDE
OUT OF TOWN WITH
YESTERDAY?

OH, HE HAD A NOTE FOR ME
FROM SOME BOSSO RIDGE
WHO WAS CAMPED NEARBY!
WANTED TO SELL HIS
HORSE!

WHY DIDN'T HE
BRING IT INTO
TOWN FOR YOU
TO SEE?



THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO
KNOW! WHEN I RODE OUT TO
SEE HIM, I FOUND THAT THE
HORSE WAS LAME!---WELL,
ADIOS!

ER--SO LONG,
SHERIFF! GOOD LUCK!

THE TRAIN LEAVES AND THE
BOSSO RIGGLES ALL IS CLEAR!



THE SHERIFF HAS GONE! NOW, AMIGO, WE RIDE
TO THE RAILROAD CUT AND PUT LOGS ACROSS
THE TRACKS TO STOP THE TRAIN FROM
GALVESTON!---SUDDAB!

COME ON! LET'S
HIT LEATHER!

SOON...

WE RIDE ALONG TRACKS HERE FIVE
MILES FROM TOWN, NO SMOKE, BUT
WE NOT SEE ANY SIGN OF...

---BEN AL, TONTO!
LOOK BELOW!







*BUT THE CROSSBOW FROM ABOVE AND
BLOW TAKES ITS TOLL...*





the Lone Ranger

The Unexpected

SCARFACE BLECKER WON THE NIGHTMARE, KING OF COINS, BY DIRT OF HIS RUTHLESS CLIMBING! HIS GANG IS SMALL, BUT EACH MAN IS A SPECIALIST...

BLESSED, THE TRICK WORKED! THAT LETTER PRANK FORGEE FROM THE OWNER OF THE CIRCLE-O TO HIS BOSSMAN WAS PERFECT! HE HANDED OVER ALL THESE STEERS TO ME TO TAKE TO HIS BOSS!

NICE SON, PRANK! I'LL HAVE MORE WORK FOR THAT PEN OF YOURS SOON!

WHEN A SAFE HAS TO BE OPENED, AN EXPERT TAKES OVER...

THERE IT IS, BLECKER! PICKY THIS LOCK WAS BAK... I MADE THIS TYPE OF LOCK AT THE FACTORY WHERE I WORKED!

YEAH, BUT THE SAFES THERE WEREN'T FILLED!

THE TERROR SPREADS...

THE TRAIN'S STOPPIN' NICE WORK, BUNKS! THAT RUBY SIGNAL LANTERN STOPPED IT RIGHT WHERE WE WANT IT!

I ALWAYS STOPPED FOR THAT SIGNAL WHEN I WORKED ON THE TRAINS!

COVER THE EXPRESS CAR! BLACKIE WILL BLOW THE RAPE! IT'LL BE FAST---HE'S AN EXPERIENCED DYNAMITE MAN!

NEARBY...

KEND GIBBY THAT SOUND LIKE PLUNTY BIG EXPLOSION!

IT CAME FROM NEAR THE RAILROAD TRACKS! ---COME ON, SILVER!

BHOOOM!

MINUTES LATER...
TRAIN STOPPED!

IT MIGHT BE THE
WORK OF SCORFACE
BLEEKER'S GANG!
USE YOUR GUN!



BLEEKER 'SOME-
ONE'S THROWN'
LEAD!

WE'VE GOT THE GOLD AND THE
MAIL! SPUR UP AND HIGH-TAIL
IT FOR THE HIDE-OUT!



DON'T WASTE
TIME IN A SUNLIGHT!
THOSE SHOTGUNS ONLY
BRING MORE FOLKS
DOWN ON OUR
NECKS 'BROADWAY!

LET'S
GO, BOY!

ZING!



GANG SPLIT
UP!

THAT RIDER IS CARRYING
SOME MONEYBAGS, TONTO!
WE'LL GO AFTER HIM!



THOSE TWO HOMBRES
ARE STILL DOGGING MY
TAIL! THIS GOLD'S
SLOWIN' ME UP! I'D
BETTER **AMBUSH**
THOSE NEEDLERS
PRONTO!





SOON AFTER, TONTO RETURNS FROM
BRINGING HANDED SCARFACE BLEEKER OVER
TO THE LAW...

BLEEKER SEEMED VERY SURE
OF HIS GANG HELPING HIM
ESCAPE! I'D FEEL A LOT
BETTER IF ALL THE GANG
WERE IN JAIL!

BUT WE NOT
KNOW WHERE
THEY HIDE
OUT!



NO, TONTO, WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO TRACK
THEM DOWN! THE ONLY CLUE WE'VE EVER
FOUND WAS THAT HALF-SMOKED CIGARETTE
BY THE CIRCLE-O RANCH, THE DAY THEIR HERD
WAS GUSTLED! THE CIGARETTE WAS ROLLED
IN AN UNUSUAL BROWN PAPER—

—SOUND SASSY, WHAT
SOUND THERE?



IT'S A GOVERNMENT MAIL BUS!
IT MUST BE PART OF THE LOOT
FROM THE TRAIN, TONTO! SOME
OF THE GANG PASSED THIS WAY!
WE'LL CAMP HERE AND SEARCH
THIS AREA THOROUGHLY IN
THE MORNING!



FOR TWO DAYS, THEY SEARCH THE AREA IN
VAIN...

THIS MORN-
ING, WE HEAR NEWS IN
TOWN! BLEEKER FOUND
GUILTY! HE HANGS IN
TWO DAYS!

THAT MEANS IF THE
GANG IS GOING TO
TRY TO RESCUE HIM,
THEY MUST ACT AT
ONCE!—WE'D BETTER
FILL OUR CANTERS HERE!
THEY'RE ALMOST EMPTY!



SPRING USED PLENTY!
THERE PATH ABOVE IT
AND CIGARETTE ON
GROUND!

TONTO! THE PAPER
ON THAT CIGARETTE
IS BROWN—JUST
LIKE THE ONE WE
FOUND BY THE
CIRCLE-O!



THESE CABIN!

WE'LL LEAVE THE HORSES
HERE AND SEE IF THAT
CIGARETTE SMOKER IS
IN THAT CABIN!







I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY HIDE OUT! WHEN THEY WANT ME, THEY COME HERE! BUT I CAN TELL YOU HOW THEY PLAN TO **FREE SLEEKER**! FOUR OF 'EM CAME HERE THIS MORNING! THEY HAD A COPY OF AN INVITATION TO THE GOVERNOR'S MASQUERADE TONIGHT THAT WAS IN THE STOLEN RAIL! I FORGED THREE COPIES FOR 'EM! THEY'RE GOING TO **ASSASSINATE** THE GOVERNOR AND EXCHANGE HIM FOR SLEEKER!

THE **UNEXPECTED** SLEEKER WAS RIGHT! BUT WHY DID YOU TRY TO BURN THOSE OTHER IMITATIONS?

THEY WERE POOR COPIES! I SAW SOME-ONE BY THE SPRING AN' DECIDED TO BURN 'EM BEFORE ANYONE STARTED ASKING QUESTIONS!

BUT YOU MADE THREE GOOD COPIES AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! WE CAN STOP THE BAND'S PLANS AND LEARN WHERE THE HIDE-OUT IS IN A VERY **UN-EXPECTED** WAY!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE GOVERNOR'S MASQUERADE...

EVENING, GOVERNOR!

WONDERFUL PARTY, GOVERNOR!

THANK YOU! BUT HOW COME YOU AND SO MANY PEOPLE KNOW WHO I AM DESPITE MY MAKE-UP AND COSTUME? THERE ARE LOTS OF "INDIANS" HERE!

BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO'S WEARING A **WIDE BOWTIE** LIKE THE PAPER SAID YOU WOULD!

SOON... GOVERNOR, IS THERE A PLACE WHERE WE COULD TALK IN **PRIVATE**?

SURELY! YOU SEEM TO KNOW WHO I AM AND FOR A NIGHT I THOUGHT YOU HAD THE TRUTH! BUT IT'S ONLY A COSTUME!



QUICKLY THE LOVE RANGER TELLS THE GOVERNOR
THE OUTLARS' PLAN...









AS TONTO BEATS DOWN BLACKIE, THE LONE RANGER GAINS THE LEDGE INSIDE THE CAVE...



B-SOMEONE'S
PEPPERIN' US
FROM ABOVE!

BANG!
BLAM!

THROW DOWN YOUR
GUNS! YOU CAN'T
ESCAPE!



D-DON'T SHOOT! WE'RE
DROPPIN' OUR HARDWARE!

MARSHAL,
COME AND GET
THEM!



SOON...

YOUR PLAN WORKED! THEY LED
US STRAIGHT TO THEIR HIDE-OUT,
BUT I DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF
TONTO RISKING HIS LIFE BY TAKING
MY PLACE AS GOVERNOR!

HE ALL RIGHT!



I STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND
HOW YOU GOT
INTO THE PARTY.

---THE SAME WAY THE OUT-
LAWS DID! PEABY FORGED
OUR INVITATIONS! HE'S
TURNING HIMSELF OVER
TO THE LAW TONIGHT,
GOVERNOR! I TOLD HIM HIS
HELP WILL MERIT YOUR
SPECIAL CONSIDERATION
WHEN HIS CASE
COMES UP!



WHY DOESN'T THAT
MOROSE TAKE OFF HIS
MASK? THE MASQUERADE'S
OVER!

HE NEVER UNMASKS
---HE'S THE
LONE RANGER!

HI-YO, SILVER!
AWAY!



Deer meat weighted the twelve-year-old shoulders of Little Raven, as he trudged homeward with his father. But it was a proud load. A fat young buck had fallen to his arrow. There would be much food now in the stone-walled room in the cliff pueblo, where his mother, Dancing Water, and his small sister, Pretty Fawn, waited! All was well with Little Raven's world—

—until at the turn of the trail, where it dipped down into their home canyon, he SMELLED SMOKE!

Little Raven stood motionless, sniffing. His father, Tall Pine, stood tensely, too! So much smoke could mean a fire accidentally set—or an attack on their community by fierce Apaches! An attack which had succeeded!

Without a word, the boy and his father laid down their loads and moved forward, lifting arrows to the strings of their ready bows.

It was their pueblo! Smoke rolled out of the roofless apartments under the brow of the cliff! And below them, on the trail—

Oh, the pity of it! Still bodies of Pueblo defenders, both men and women, lay where they had fallen!

Nearer still, on the trail leading from the canyon, a long line of captives—all women and children—moved with bowed heads and bound hands. Little Raven and Tall Pine

searched that line, back and forth, with their eyes. But Dancing Water and Pretty Fawn were not there!

Had they escaped, by some miracle? Or did they lie among the unmoving ones at the foot of the cliff? They had to know!

The moment that the Apaches and their captives had passed out of view, the anxious pair hurried down into the canyon's depths. Through the brush and cedar clumps they ran, toward the cliff, toward the smoke which still rolled out of the long, shallow cliff-cave which had been their home.

Within a few yards of the foot of the cliff, they halted, staring at the still forms of the fallen. One long, long look—and then a sigh of relief. Dancing Water was not there! Nor Pretty Fawn! There was still hope. A slim hope, but enough to bring back courage to their anxious hearts!

Father and son met each other's eyes in silent understanding. And then—

sszzzzzzzzzz!

An arrow whizzed between them, clipping off one of Tall Pine's straight, black locks of hair. As he dodged, jerking Little Raven back into the brush, the dread Apache war whoop rang out. A party of enemies, just descended from the burning pueblo, had sighted them!

From that moment, it was a running fight.

Ducking behind rocks—when their pursuers drew close—and driving in well-aimed arrows! Then racing on to another point they could defend!

As the sun began to swing down the long slope of the sky, Tall Pine and Little Raven counted three Apaches wounded. But the rest kept on. They would run their quarry down before night, unless—

Tall Pine knew of a secret way out of the canyon—a difficult climb up a natural "chimney" in the great rock wall. Arrows could not reach them while climbing—and the Apaches might be slow to find the place.

They reached it. They climbed, with laboring lungs and aching muscles. They made the top. Ahead of them stretched the flat mesa's top, dotted with sagebrush. Here was no refuge, no hiding place. But three miles beyond lay—THE HAUNTED CANYON!

"Perhaps," gasped Tall Pine, as he and Little Raven ran, "perhaps the Spirits of the Old People, who live there, will take pity and not slay us! We must live—to find your mother, your little sister. The Apaches will not follow us into HAUNTED CANYON!"

Little Raven did not answer—nor did he slacken his pace! He knew the stories of Haunted Canyon—how a big community of his people had been wiped out there, by the Apaches. And how, ever since then, possession had heard loud shrieks and wails echoing there—louder than human throats could make!



But Tall Pine was right!

The Apaches were in sight behind them, as father and son took the down trail into Haunted Canyon. The rocky turns of the trail seemed to swallow them up. Shadows rose around them. And then the trees of the canyon's bottom.

EEE-YOW-OW-OW . . . OOH, OOH, OOH . . . MMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

Little Raven and Tall Pine halted, petrified by the terrible, sobbing howl. It was right above them, in the big cottonwoods which grew by the canyon's stream. And then it began again—as the wind swoyed the treetops!

"LOOK!" exclaimed Little Raven, pointing at two great tree trunks.

One had been partly blown over by a storm, and lay on the other. As the wind now blew, the two trunks rubbed together, making the groaning howl. Seeing it, Tall Pine began to laugh, wildly!

"Ha, ha! Hee, hee, hee!"

Like soft echoes of his laughter, two voices joined him. Tall Pine spun around—and with him Little Raven. There, a few yards away, stood Dancing Water and Pretty Fawn. A moment only—then the four of them rushed together, shouting with joy.

Mother and sister—brother and father—Here in HAUNTED CANYON, they could begin life anew—and in safety from their enemies!

YOUNG HAWK

I HOPE NONE OF
YOUR PEOPLE TAKE US
FOR ENEMIES, HEN-SHANK!

PADDLING LEISURELY DOWNSTREAM WITH A
SHOSHONE GIRL, WHOM THEY RESCUED FROM
AN ANGRY SMOKE-BEAR, YOUNG HAWK AND
LITTLE BUCK HAVE NO THOUGHT OF
IMMEDIATE DANGER—

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KREEE!
KREEE!
KREEE!

LITTLE
BROTHER!
WHAT—?

UNTIL THE SMALL BIRD ON YOUNG HAWK'S SHOULDER
SHRIEKS IN WARNING ..

SHOCKER!

WHIZZZZ!

AS YOUNG HAWK GLANCES BACK IN ALARM,
A STONE-HEADED ARROW WHIZZES PAST
HIM—A BARE MISS!

ARRHH—?

YELP!

YOUNG HAWK'S KNIFE FLIES WITH
PERFECT AIM TO ITS TARGET—







I WOULD GLADLY OFFER YOU TEN
CARDS --- IF YOU COULD USE
THEM, YOUR HAWK AND
LITTLE BUCK --- AND NOW ---



--- IN TOKEN OF BIG OTTER'S
GRATITUDE, PLEASE ACCEPT
THESE WAR CLUBS --- ONE
FOR EACH OF YOU --- I HAVE
USED THEM IN BATTLE ---



YOU COULD
OFFER US NO
GREATER HONOR,
MY GRANDFATHER ---

HERE ARE SLEEPING
PUPS --- MAY YOU REST
WELL, MY YOUNG
FRIENDS ---



OUR GRANDFATHER IS
GOOD TO US --- HE
GIVES US HIS
BEST BOYS ---



SOON, THE DEEP SILENCE OF SLEEP SETTLES
OVER THE VILLAGE OF THE SMOKEHOSE ---

--- HUFF ---
WOOF ---



EVER THE DOGS ARE SLUMBERING --- AND
BARKING IN THEIR DREAMS --- BUT THEIR
KEEN EARS ARE STILL ALERT ---



AND SO --- WHEN A SMELLY, STRIPED OBJECT
HURTLES FROM THE BRUSH TO LAND IN THE
VILLAGE OUTSIDE ---



THE GUARDIANS OF THE TEPES ARE INSTANTLY ON THEIR FEET, BARKING....



THE STRIPED THING --- A DEAD OX! --- WHO'S PULLED ALONG BY A LONG CORD THAT LEADS INTO THE NIGHT* AND NOW EVERY DOG IN THE VILLAGE IS AFTER IT EXCEPT TUMBLWEED*







IN EQUAL SILENCE, YOUNG HAWK GRASPS HIS
TOMAHAWK—AND TOUCHES LITTLE BUCK
WITH HIS OTHER HAND, IN SIGNAL...



NO WORDS NEEDED! LIKE SPRINTERS READY FOR THE
START, THE TWO MANDAN YOUTHS CROUCH—
MAKING SURE? THEN—



WITH A WILD WAA-WHOOP, THEY HURLED THEMSELVES
UPON THE SNEAKING ENEMY!



BUT THE ATTACKERS ARE SKILLFUL AND
POWERFUL! BEFORE YOUNG HAWK'S
CLUB CAN DESCEND, HIS WRIST IS GRASPED.
...FOR A LONG MOMENT HE STANDS,
STRAINING—



—WHILE LITTLE BUCK AND HIS OPPONENT
BATTLE EACH OTHER IN THE DARKNESS—
AND TUMBLEWOOD RUSHES IN FOR AN BITE!





AT THE SAME MOMENT, YOUNG HAWK
TRIPS HIS OPPONENT....



--- AND, BREAKING FREE, FEELS
HIS CLUB MAKE CONTACT!



IN THE DARKNESS, YOUNG HAWK SENSES
THE HEARSESS OF THE SHOSHONE
CHIEF --- AND WHIRLS IN TIME
TO PARRY A BLOW



OUTSIDE THE TEEPEES INDIVIDUAL BATTLES ARE RAGING
STILL--- FOR THE SHOSHONE--- WARNED BY YOUNG HAWK'S
FIRST SHOUT --- HAVE NOT BEEN CAUGHT ENTIRELY
BY SURPRISE...



ALL AT ONCE THE RAIDERS BREAK FOR THE
WOODS! THE FIGHT IS OVER...





BIG OTTER---ARE
THE TWO STRANGERS
IN YOUR LODGE?

THEY ARE, CANUSA!
WHAT DO YOU WANT
OF THEM?



THEY ARE SPIES
FOR THE SIOUX! THEY
ARE SNAKES IN THE GRASS!
LET US KILL THEM
BEFORE THEY BETRAY
US AGAIN!



ARE THEY SPIES --- OR ENEMIES --- WHO FOUGHT
AND OVERCAME THESE TWO SIOUX, SNEAKING INTO
MY LODGE? NO? SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

WASH! YOU WERE
WRONG, CANUSA!



I LOSE MY LIFE TO THEM!
WHILE I SLEPT, THEY LEAPED
UPON THE ENEMY! GIVE
THEM HONOR, SHOSHONE!



NO! YOUNG HAWK!
LITTLE BUCK! BRAVE
WARRIORS ---
AND FRIENDS!

A SHOUT OF PRAISE GOES UP --- BUT IT ONLY MAKES
CANUSA MORE JEALOUS! WITH TWISTED MUTTERING
LIPS, HE SLINKS AWAY INTO THE DARK.

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